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Co-Partnership Dissolution.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between John F. Nelson and H. H. Frazier, under the name and style of Nelson & Frazier, has been dissolved by mutual consent, J. F. Nelson having purchased the entire interest of H. H. Frazier in the business. All persons indebted to said firm, either by note or account, are earnestly requested to call and settle the same with me. JOHN F. NELSON.
New Hope, Mo., April 22, 1873.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

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MR. BONSALL'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander McFarlane, was waiting breakfast, an event very uncommon with him, for Aunt Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Nevertheless she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour, and now it was fully ten minutes past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle McFarlane's wife. He was a widower of some fifteen years standing. Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whispering with her last breath that she was very happy. Her mother and sister, who had come to the house to nurse her, remained after her death, according to Uncle McFarlane's particular request. He would be so glad, he said, if it were not exacting to much of a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with him, keep up his house, and attend to the little boy. So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very straightened income, rented her house in the New England village where she had always lived, and came to preside over Mr. McFarlane's spacious mansion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich street, New York—my Uncle McFarlane lived in Greenwich street, a fact which marks the date of my story with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months, and still Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle McFarlane's household. Neither of them had ever thought of a change as either necessary or desirable. Nancy had been a fair, prim, and somewhat quiet girl when she came to live in Greenwich street. She was still a fair, somewhat prim woman of thirty-five, with pretty, soft brown hair, violet blue eyes, and a pure, soft, somewhat changed complexion. She was not in the least like a modern young lady's heroine. She had no particular aspirations beyond the limited and old-fashioned one of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She did not consider herself a martyr to uncongenial circumstances, because she made Uncle McFarlane's shirts and mended his stockings, and even to the fact of going down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculate ruffles, when old Mrs. Brown's hands were too lame, and the chambermaid's too unskillful to be trusted with them, did not awaken any desire to rush out into the world in search of a career. No such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head. She was absolutely "contented with her present condition," willing to go on making Uncle McFarlane's shirts, keeping his house, spoiling his child, and "making it pleasant for him," as she simply said. Her great pleasures consisted in doing muslin embroidery, visiting the poor, and reading the English classics, with now and then a novel. If she had any trials she kept them to herself, confiding them to no spiritual director, newspaper editor or female friend. Such was Nancy Howard at five and thirty.

My Uncle McFarlane was a fine gentleman in the true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely perfect—a little set in his way, and possibly somewhat particular in eating and drinking. He was also given to amusing himself in a quiet way with the peculiarities of those about him. But he never willingly hurt or neglected any one, and he had a certain genial graciousness of manner, which made all employees, from Mr. Saunders, the confidential clerk, down to Black Sam, the carman, and Davy, the errand boy, feel better when he spoke to them.

"Miss Nancy is a little late this morning!" observed Uncle McFarlane, as Brown, his man, brought him his paper.

"Yes, sir, she was out till after twelve last night, at Sam's, sir."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick consumption last spring and his wife ain't very rugged either Miss Nancy, she's been there a good deal, and when Susy was struck with death last evening she sends for her So Miss Nancy went and stayed till it was over. It was a great comfort to them, sir. You see, Sam's wife, she's got a little young baby, too, and altogether it comes pretty hard."

"I should say so, indeed! We must see that everything is done, Brown Find out when the funeral is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to send them something comfortable when she goes to market. But here comes Miss Nancy—send up breakfast, Brown."

Breakfast was usually a somewhat silent meal, save for Alick's chatter with his aunt; for Mr. McFarlane always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's permission.

"Why do you look at me so closely, Alick?" asked Miss Nancy, as she caught her nephew's gaze fixed upon her.

"I was thinking how pretty you are," answered Alick, with his usual frankness. "I think you are a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina Schuyler, that they make so much fuss about. And I don't want her for a stepmother. So there!"

"What is that about Miss Schuyler?" asked my uncle, laying down his paper. "It strikes me that you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—to say nothing of myself."

"It wasn't me, father; it was Mr. Bonsall," answered Alick. "Mr. Bonsall asked me if I wouldn't like a pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come into the house; and I told him no—I didn't want anybody but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy was an old maid; and I said if she was forty old maids she was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—and so she is!"

"We won't discuss that matter!" said my uncle, annoyed, but repressing his annoyance as usual. "You need not mind Mr. Bonsall. We all know his ways!"

There was something in his father's tone which made Alick aware that he had better drop the subject. Uncle McFarlane went on with his paper, but now and then glanced over it with an expression of some interest. "Nancy is pretty!" he said to himself. "There is something in her face that reminds me of my mother."

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on his overcoat, asking: as he did so, his invariable question; "Have you any commands for the city?"

"And, by the way please see that everything is done for Sam's family. The poor woman will perhaps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let everything be nice about the funeral. I will take the expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow."

"Really, Nancy is very pretty!" said my uncle, as he walked out of the house. "I never thought much about it before, but she is decidedly pretty. Miss Regina Schuyler indeed. Really, Bonsall is too bad to put such notions into the boy's head." And Mr. McFarlane pursued his way to the office, unconscious of the fate awaiting him there.

"Any letters, Saunders?" he asked, as he passed the clerk's desk. "I see the packet is in."

"Yes, sir, they are on your desk, and Mr. Bonsall is waiting to speak to you in your room."

"What ails Mr. McFarlane?" said the clerk to himself, as the principal passed on. "I don't believe he ever before forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is wrong." Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was indebted to Mr. McFarlane for many little comforts. Mr. Bonsall was waiting in the office. He was a stout man with red hair and whiskers, and a bluff, uncompromising manner. He had a habit on which he prided himself, of always "speaking his mind"—that is, of saying anything and everything which came into his head—a habit which did not cause him to be loved by his acquaintances. He and Uncle McFarlane had once been partners, and they still kept up a kind of intimacy, at which many people wondered.

"Well, Bonsall, how goes the world with you?" asked my uncle, leisurely taking off his coat and overshoes.

"Oh, well enough. If it don't go to suit me, I make it, that's all!" answered Mr Bonsall. "But, see here, McFarlane, I didn't come here to bandy compliments. I want to talk to you about a serious matter."

"Well, what is it?" asked my uncle, preparing to listen, not without a longing glance at his foreign letters and papers.

"I'm going to speak my mind as I always do!" said Mr. Bonsall. "I want to know what you mean to do about Nancy? Aye, what about her? that's just it. Of course you can't go on as you do now. It was well enough when the old lady was alive, but her death changes all that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old maid, to be sure—forty, if she's an hour—"

"Thirty-five!" said my uncle, correcting him.

"Well, five years don't matter much. She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks will and do talk, and you ought to get rid of her. The tauth is, McFarlane, you ought to marry again; and of course you can't with Nancy in the house."

"You think so?"

"Why, of course not. There is Miss Regina Schuyler, now. She'd jump at the chance of marrying you; but you don't suppose she'd set up housekeeping with Nancy Howard, do you?"

I must beg, Bonsall, that you will not bring Miss Schuyler's name into question," said my uncle. "Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable young ladies."

"Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love with you herself, and of course you can't marry her—that is out of the question."

"Nancy Howard!" repeated my uncle in a tone of bewilderment.

"To be sure, man. Any one but you would have seen it, though Nancy is not the woman to throw herself at any man's head. I'll say that for her. My wife has known it this long time, and I can see it, too. Of course you can't marry her. She is old, and poor, and plain, and in delicate health besides. So, of course, all you can do is to get rid of her. Send her home to her native place with a pension, marry Regina Schuyler, and begin life anew."

"Does Mrs. Bonsall really think that—that Miss Howard entertains such sentiments?" asked my uncle, as Mr. Bonsall paused a moment. "Women see such things more clearly than men."

"Of course she does. She was talking of it last night. 'Nancy ought to have a change,' says she. 'If she don't she'll go off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient creature, but it is easy to see what ails her.' Now, you see, her being consumptive is another reason why you can't marry her. So there! I've spoken my mind, as I always do, and I hope you will have sense enough to act upon it."

"I shall certainly act upon it!" said my uncle, calmly.

"And soon, I hope!" said Mr. Bonsall, rising. "The sooner the better."

"The sooner the better!" echoed my uncle. "I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonsall, thank you!"

"I think I did a good piece of work this morning!" said Mr. Bonsall to his wife, as he was preparing to go out; "I spoke to McFarlane about Nancy!" and repeated the substance of the conversation. Mrs. Bonsall was a quiet, kind-hearted soul; but like her husband, sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion.

"Bonsall, you are an idiot! Most men are in such matters, and you are a perfect one."

Mr. Bonsall looked as if some one had thrown a wet towel in his face. "Why, Anne! What's that for?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Go along, do, and leave me in peace."

Mr. Bonsall was always very meek when his wife took those rare fits of plain speaking, and he shut the door without another word. Mrs. Bonsall sat looking at the fire with an expression of vexation, which gradually changed to one of kindness.

"After all it might be worse," said she, speaking to the fire. "Nancy is a good soul, and as sweet as honey. She will make him happy, and be happy her herself, and it will be good for the boy. But I think I see Bonsall's face when he hears of it."

For two hours my uncle sat looking through the office window without even thinking of his letters. Then he drew a deep breath, as one relieved of a doubt, and turned to his correspondence. He did not go home to dinner, but left the office early, stopping at a florist's where he bought some beautiful hot house flowers, and two nice hyacinth bulbs, in pretty glasses, which he sent to Mrs Saunders.

"Father, may I go up and see Tom Saunders?" asked Alick after tea. Aunt Nancy was sitting at her work table, fresh and neat from top to toe. She was composed as usual, but my uncle fancied he saw a slight change in her manner toward himself. Probably Alick's remark might have disturbed her a little.

"Certainly, my son. And be sure to ask, particularly, how Mrs. Saunders finds herself. I quite forgot it this morning. I was the more ready to let Alick go as I wish to consult you on a matter of great importance to us both" And then in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for a while, perhaps for some years. He thought the change would be good for Alick, who showed signs of delicate lungs.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered, and her color went and came; but she had long been schooled in self control, and she made no other sign. "It won't be for long!" said the quiet, breaking heart to itself, little guessing what was in store.

My uncle contined. I don't know exactly how he worded it, but he made it plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy consent to become his wife, and be a mother to Alick in name, what she had long been in fact?" And so in an hour the matter was all settled.

"We are asked to a wedding!" said Mrs. Bonsall to her husband some six weeks afterward.

"A wedding—whose wedding?" asked Mr. Bonsall, not greatly interested.

"Nancy Howard's!"

"Nancy Howard's—you don't mean—" the idea which occurred to Mr. Bonsall fairly struck him dumb.

"Yes; Nancy and McFarlane!" answered his wife, enjoying her lord's discomfiture. "They are to be married at St. Paul's, very quietly, and sail for Europe as soon as possible."

"The deuce they are! And after all I said to him!"

"After all you said to him!" echoed Mrs. Bonsall. "The moment you told me what you said to him, and especially as to Nancy's being talked about, I knew you had made the match. You could have got him to marry old Miss Paget in the same way."

"But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne!"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I dare say he might feel it a little sacrifice just at first; but by this time he has persuaded himself that there never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her side. I don't think for my part, McFarlane will ever regret it."

And I don't think Uncle McFarlane ever did.—From the Aldine for May.

An Antique Novelty in Politics.

We have long intended to speak of a proposition which is very radical in its features, and if it could be adopted in the counties of our state it would result in a saving of many thousands of dollars to our county treasuries, and, at the same time secure in the offices of the counties as capable and efficient incumbents as we are having under the present elective system. The proposition, though it closely resembles the system formerly in practice in the Roman Republic, is the offspring of a careful and deliberate reflection of one of our practical Warren county farmers, and is simply to have only four elective offices in the county, which shall be the Representative and county court, and to let out to the highest bidders the other positions to men who can give ample security for the performance of the official duties thereof. By this means the offices would bring into the county treasury a large amount of money which is now squandered in corrupting electors and ordinary electioneering expenses. The county justices might give notice of the day on which all the offices would be sold, and invite competition by selling to the highest bidder who could give sufficient security. For example, if the office of Collector of revenue in any county is worth $5 000 a year, and any man is willing to perform the duties for $3,000; he might then give $2,000 for the position, instead of spending the $2 000 in electioneering and trying to influence the electors to cast their votes for him. By this means instead of having the $2,000 in drinks, the electors would have it in reduced taxes and a replete public treasury. Every remunerative office in the county, except those which are mentioned—the legislative and judicial—would under this arrangement aid by its value in filling the county treasury. Stranger things have been effected by persistent agitation than the introduction of this plan in the administration of our public affairs. Many of our readers will recognize from whence this proposition comes, and we will refer those who do not to the author of the idea if they will call on us.—Warrenton Banner.

Distinguished Youngsters.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

It may not be generally known that a son of President Grant is in this city, but nevertheless such is a fact. In order to post the public upon the movements of his youthful highness, a Chronicle reporter took a suit of rooms immediately adjoining the apartments of young Grant, who is now stopping at the Lick House, in company with the son of Senator Cole. Grant and Cole are great chums, and on terms of such familiar acquaintance that they think nothing of appropriating each other's shirts, stockings and collars.

Early in the evening the two young gentlemen were indulging in a social game of billiards. Both are very poor players, and the time of the game, by the Chronicle reporter's watch, was sixty-five minutes. Grant's largest run was six, made up mostly of scratches, and Cole managed, by a great effort, to score eight without stopping. Grant can't make round-the-table shots, and Cole has a deep rooted abhorrence of draws. Grant got beaten three points, and both quit disgusted with the game. As the two turned to go the hawk-eyed attendant who holds the office of internal revenue collector for the hall stepped up and tapped young Grant on the shoulder. "I believe you lost that game." "Yes yes! that's so," and pitching the man four bits, he went off without waiting for the change. Cole tried to make out that his friend was attempting to bilk the house, but the bystanders were satisfied that it was merely a piece of dignified absent mindedness on Jesse's part.

At 10 o'clock the young gentlemen betook themselves to room 39, and prepared to go to bed. Grant got undressed first, and took the right side of the bed. Cole objected to this, urging that he was accustomed to that side himself, and sleeping next to the wall was played out with him. Grant responded that if he didn't like sleeping on that side he was at liberty to sleep under the bed, on either side, on top of the wash stand, or out in the hall. Cole got mad at this ill-timed levity and rang the electric machine for a waiter. A stalwart individual at once made his appearance, of whom Cole ordered a bed. In a few minutes an elegant mahogany bed, with rosewood trimmings, spring mattress, and necessary fixtures, was brought and set up in the room, after which the waiter departed. In a few minutes Cole rang again, and the following dialogue took place:

Cole—I see this bed hasn't got any casters on. Bring me a bed with casters.

Waiter—Yes; sah. Won't some casters put on this bed be enough?

Cole finally assented, and the required change was made.

In about an hour everything was lovely in room 39, when Cole suddenly sung out, "I say Jess, everything is all right now; let's have something to drink."

"Don't care if I do;" and in another moment a waiter was flying down to the bar with an order for two whisky cock tails. In a few minutes he came back followed by the handsome barkeeper, who, with a polite oriental salaam, handed Grant the following telegram:

Headquarters of the Seat of Government, Washington, April 20th, 1873.—To the Barkeeper of the Lick House—Sir: You are hereby commanded to furnish no spirituous liquors of any kind, to my son Jesse Grant, during his sojourn in San Francisco. U. S. Grant.

P. S—Mild five cent cigars will be allowed at your discretion. U. S. G.

The waiters were angrily dismissed, and a council of war was held, and the two deliberated as to how a drink could be obained. Cole thought that if he could only get to his father's carpet bag he might find something there, but he wasn't sure. Grant knew a man who roomed on Kearny street who would gladly contribute a whole bottle of the ardent if he could only be found. At last they gave up the idea of having a cocktail, and both took a long drink of cold water.

The Chronicle repoter was of half a mind to tender the acceptance of his private flask of old Cutter's best, but being a little diffident about intruding upon strangers, he relinquished the idea.

Both young men now turned into bed, and at exactly 20 minutes past 11 Grant began to snore with remarkable energy when Cole woke up and sung out:

"I say" (hitting him with a pillow), I can't sleep with this racket."

Grant started up with, "Cheese that now, I want to sleep."

"So do I, and I want less snoring."

"I wasn't snoring."

"You was!"

"I say I was not."

"Well, I know you was."

"Well, I know better."

After agreeing not to snore, Grant went to sleep and so did Cole, and then they both snored together. At 2:20 young Grant rolled over in bed and asked Cole what time it was. Cole woke up and made some remark about a locality which was suggestive of the idea of warmth, the general purport of which was unintelligible to the reporter. Grant was anxious to know the time, as he had understood that a new barkeeper came on duty at four in the morning. This idea interested Cole, and, lighting the gas, they compared timepieces

Grant's watch denoted 10 minutes past 1, while Cole's was fifteen minutes past 5. Each one was positive that his watch was right, and they both put up coin to the amount of 25 cents to back their respective views, after which they went to sleep.

At 10:35 the morning sun got round on that side of the house, and the two youngsters got up. Cole, on going to the door, made the startling discovery that the door had been unlocked all night. "Gracious!" remarked Grant, "some of them 'Frisco chambermaids might have slipped in here and taken everything we had."

Both boys manipulated the cutlery at the breakfast table at 11:30 Grant took a boiled tarantular spider on toast, while Cole indulged his ravenous appetite with a sea lion steak, done rare, both using pepper and salt regardless of expense. After breakfast they slipped off somewhere, and the reporter lost track of them.

Politics and Patrons of Husbandry.

[From Colman's Rural World.]

The result of our county and township election surprised the friends of the farmers' movement, as well as those who opposed it. The dominant party had made nomination in the customary manner. If but few attended the caucus, it must have been the fault of those who were absent rather than those present. If the friends of the nominees secured their nomination by request or favor, there was certinly nothing unusual about that.

A few farmers took it into their heads to call a caucus of farmers, and they made nominations for themselves as farmers—not as partisans; and although the time was barely sufficient to make it fully known at the different precincts, yet this seems to have been all that was necessary, and the ticket was elected handsomely.

As we had but lately commenced organizing granges, some think the success is directly attributable to that organization, and look upon it as a political movement, another Know-nothing trick; but I know, partly of my own knowledge, and partly from the very best sources, that the subject had never been mentioned inside of a grange. I doubt even if it had as much as silently entered the mind of any member while in attendance in the grange. Article XII constitution of the National Grange positively prohibits political or religious questions as subjects of discussion or tests of membership, in the work of the order.

It has perplexed wiser heads than mine to know how farmers can correct some of their grievances without discussing politics in the granges. How can they reach the halls of legislation, where many of the wrongs originate, without electing men of their own choice? And how can they elect them without first agreeing to do so in the only effective farmers' union yet proposed? I have been told that there is a wide difference between partisan politics and political economy, and I fear politicians have generally dissolved partnership with political economy; but to admit discussions of political economy, it seems to me that we should first have to procure a more limited definition of "politics" than Webster's, leaving out science of government.

It is eminently proper and necessary to exclude the current party politics from the order; but like many others I think some subject concerning government and law making, in which farmers are directly interested, and about which they could not seriously disagree, might be admitted with equal propriety, and for the general good.

The order was no doubt started by a few persons on such a basis and with such regulations as they thought best, and as may have been really the best for a start. It is yet partly in its infancy, but as it gains grounds in the affections of its fast increasing members, it will be no longer under the control or judgment of a few. It will take such a course as the united wisdom of hundreds of thousands may direct, and if a modification is desired by a controling majority, it will be made. It is almost useless, even in its present state, to speculate on what may be accomplished through this organization. The first thing on hands is to get the farmers united, and while this is progressing, secure what incidental benefits we can, and gain experience. When this shall have been proximately accomplished, it will scarcely be an open question what they can do next. More will depend on what they will do.

Meantime, as soon as farmers educate themselves to concert of action in the granges, cultivate confidence and good will toward each other, and find out the amount of latent talent within their ranks, I think our municipal election may teach us a lesson worth remembering If we cannot talk politics of any kind in the granges, we can have farmers' meetings, caucuses and conventions outside. We can nominate our best men, leaving out office seekers, whether they live on a farm or in a lawyer's office, and we can get plenty of help to elect them from towns and cities by good men who despise demagoguery as much as we do. CHARLES PATTERSON.
Kirksville, May 7, 1873.

A lever lock used at Sing Sing prison was invented by one of the convicts.